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Boyhood Days in Syria.

“NAGIB!” I said to my schoolmate, a young boy of twelve, with large bright eyes, dark hair and an honest look. “What you want?” inquired the jolly young fellow. “Well, you know, Sabi, that about this time the figs begin to ripen, and, of course, you don’t want to be the last to taste them. “Oh, no,” said the lad, smacking his lips in anticipation of the treat. So we agreed not to attend school that day. We told mother, however, to give us our dinner as usual, for we did not intend to come home till late in the afternoon.

After we had secured that, we started out together in the direction of the school. No sooner were we out of sight, than we made a turn for the vineyards. We reached the outer part of the town without meeting anyone that knew we were playing truant. We were now ascending the hill, and looking back could view the low clay roofs of the town. A level road lay before us, on either side of which stretched the vineyards. For a while our hungry eyes searched in vain for the green fig trees. At length a row of them extending all along a vineyard broke upon our sight. We said little, as good Orientals, but our brown feet soon bore us to the trees. I was fortunate to find the first ripe fig. I bit off half and showing the other half to Nagib, asked him whether it did not “look nice.” He bent his neck and said: “Won’t you give me a bite?”

I was tightening the girdle of my "umbaz," in order to secure the figs in my shirt bosom, while my partner was up in the tree hunting for more figs. On a sudden we heard the thundering voice of the much dreaded "natoor" calling, "Heh! heh! What are you doing there?" Of course, we were not scared, at least I wasn't, still I sat right down on the ground, because my limbs were so shaky. I tried to warn my partner, but I was too weak to utter a sound. We knew what it meant to be caught stealing the first ripe figs—a lashing to a tree for a few hours, or, perhaps, if he is a very good fellow, he'll only take your "tartoosh," and give you a few pricks with his iron-pointed rod.

This particular natoor happened to know me, having met me in the company of my father at grape drying, which he attended to secure his share. He tried to soften his big, manly voice but it went against his nature. As a courtesy to me, however, he began operations on my partner, pulling him off the tree. Having taken his figs from him and given him a few strikes with the rod, he turned to me and repeated the performance, threatening me in addition to tell my father about it on the first occasion. Then we were dismissed. I had recovered the use of my legs by this time and ran as fast as they would carry me. After we had rounded the hill and felt tolerably secure, we slackened our pace and began to reflect on the things that had befallen us, and were yet in store for us. But come what may, we must eat. Figs were denied us, but our dinner we still had. On the slope of a hill, only a little distance off, lay my father's vineyard. Thither we went, secure of a cool and sheltering place. The vines, which are very thick and leafy, are supported by forked sticks so that they resemble little huts which afford protection from the rays of the sun,

much like Jonas' gourd. Under one of the large vines we sat for our noon-day repast. It consisted of some "kubeh," "joben" and "laban." The first is a preparation of mutton which is entirely unknown in the West, but would be much relished if introduced; the second a form of milk, and the last a sort of cheese. All these were wrapped up in two rolls of pastry about one-eighth of an inch in thickness. We had walked a good ways and had undergone much exertion and were therefore prepared to partake of a hearty meal.

Our repast being finished, we parted the soft ground conformable to the shape of our limbs, and lay down in the cool shade for a nap, with a gentle breeze fanning our faces, and a fountain murmuring at our feet near the road. Here we slept on the bosom of mother earth like little princes.

When we awoke it was twelve o'clock. The bells from the convent on the neighboring hill were just ringing the Angelus, and sweetly the sound floated over the valley. We were upon our knees in an instant, reciting the "Ave Maria" with more than usual fervor.

We arose and departed. On making the curve around "Tell Sheha," a high cliff overjutting the road, two voices rang upon the air, bidding us wait. They proceeded from a cave hewn into the base of the cliff, probably by some anchorite who had lived there. It was certainly an ideal habitation for a man given to contemplation. Nearby stands a frowning rock, some two hundred feet in height, in outline so much like a man that the natives think it is the petrification of a giant, and have many stories in explanation of such a marvelous change. Below us, but partially concealed by rows of elms, flows the river "Nahir el Litani," which a little further on divided the city of Zahleh, my native town, into two parts. On the other side of

the river angles another road, and then rise almost perpendicularly the snow-capped peaks of the Lebanon, the majestic "Jebel el Sheik" towering above them all. All day long the anchorite, sitting in his cave, can view these venerable monitors of an age when God spoke to His people, when the temple was built with the stately cedars growing on Lebanon. In the morning sun, at noon, when the snows glisten and sparkle, and when the dusk of evening settles on the valleys and the forests of pine and cedar that cover its sides, he will admire these giants of nature and praise their Maker, as did David and Solomon and other singers in Israel.

But to resume the thread of my narrative. The voices from the cave belonged to two little Syrians, that were like ourselves opposed to compulsory education, if not on principle, at least for themselves.

"Allah Maakum" they replied to our "Marhaba." The elder, Habil Abou Thaca by name, suggested that we get some snow from the mountain to make a cooling drink, *bacsoma*, as it is called, a sort of syrup. Being very thirsty from running and eating figs, we at once fell in with the proposition.

We had to do some steep climbing to get to the snow. Clinging to shrubs and projecting rocks, we were about half way up, when suddenly we saw an eagle perched on a cliff right opposite us. We were afraid that it would swoop down upon us, and either fasten its talons in our well-nigh bare shoulders, or prick us with his pointed feathers. Luckily, he seemed not to notice us.

We reached the snow, which was lying in a gulch, in safety and filled a large can which our friends had brought along, and even our capacious handkerchiefs. On our descent we stopped on a hill overlooking the valley and tried who could shout the loudest. The

echo of our voices rolling down the valley and reverberating against the hills and rocks in the distance put us in high glee. A little further down we found another cave which we entered to scribble our names on the walls, with the instinct of the vandal that is not confined to the Yankee lad but is a trait of boys the world over.

We carried our snow to the house of Kawaga Maroony, the younger of the boys. Mr. Maroony's ancestors had been numbered among the nobles of Syria in their time, at least the size and general appearance of the house would seem to indicate this. Huge rocks were used in the construction of the dwelling, and a high wall surrounded house and yard. In the days when the Maronites fled to Mount Lebanon to escape the persecution of the Druses and Moham-medans and other infidels, they built these strongly fortified houses. We entered through the massive gate. A fountain in the center of the yard played in the declining sun and shot its foam upward. The place and the region around seemed alive with birds of all sorts, singing and flying to and fro. We sat down between two pillars and prepared our *bacsoma*. Kawaga Maroony procured the molasses and a bowl. Into this we put the icy snow as well as the molasses, mixing it thoroughly. Then we plied our wooden spoons.

It was growing late and we wished to go home with the boys returning from school. We started out but had not gone very far, when we encountered four of the stoutest fellows of the school, who informed us that the teacher wished to see us and that they had orders to bring us to him. We thought it wise to go with them.

When we entered the fatal room, the teacher sat at his desk, his spectacles loosely hanging on his nose.

No one looked astonished. The teacher rose from his chair. He drew up his big, black silk "sherwal" or Turkish breeches, and secured them with his "zenar," or shawl used as a belt, and as a final preparation threw off his "dammer" or jacket with long sleeves, which usually hung over his shoulders. All necessary operations were skilfully and, at first, quietly conducted. The "falac" was held by my brother and another school-mate—both good friends, but they were powerless to help us in this instance. I was commanded to sit on the stone floor and place my tender feet in the "falac." They say a lizard's blood prevents any pain arising from the bastinado, but this has not been my experience. I had put some on the soles of my feet in the morning in anticipation of a possible arrest, but to no effect, for I felt a smarting pain on the first application of the stick, and by the time he had broken the first one on me, I thought that my feet were swelling to double their size. He then paused and asked me, as usual, whether I'd ever do it again. "No, no, no," and "I won't, I won't, I won't," came from my lips in anguished cries. "Only let me go this time." Then my good brother pleaded my case and obtained my release from the instrument of torture.

I was unable to stand on my feet. After a few vain attempts I was obliged to crawl on hands and knees to my seat. My partners were served next. When the execution was over and my pain had subsided a little, I dried my eyes and laughed with the rest. I was again willing to go out and cut sticks for the hard master to be used on the next occasion, for I got a picture for every ten sticks I procured. A picture for getting a stick with which I was perhaps to be clubbed!

My record for school attendance has been good ever since.

M. BODINE, '05.

Benedicite.

BLESS the Lord, all his creation ;
Sings Him praises, choirs of angels.
Powers, Princedoms, Seraphs, Virtues,
Thrones, Archangels, Angels bless Him.
Hosts angelic, and ye ancients—
Ye spirits all, sing Holy, holy,
Holy God, Lord God Almighty !
Honor, benediction, glory.
Ages, stratas, spaces, waters,
Sun and moon extol His power,
Mars and Mercury, ringed Saturn,
Massive orbs all, every fixed-star
Far and near, in mist or splendor,
Praise His watchful Eye, His Greatness.
Streak of dawn and golden twilight,
Rays of silver, starry twinkles,
Light of clustered constellations,
Comets glare, and lightning flashes,
Homage give and approbation.
Forest's lisp and earthquake's rumble
Rolling thunder, mirth of children,
Balmy breezes, gentle westwinds,
Evening breath and breathless morning,
Heat and cold, caressing zephyrs,
Whisper varied hymns of praises.
Clouds like fairy realms midst mountains,
Whistling whirlwinds, roaring breakers,
Hurricanes and placid waters,
Drops of dew, ye vapors, hoarfrost,
Sunny mists, ye snows in masses,
Sing approval, sing thanksgiving.
Ocean vast His vastness worship ;
Foaming falls, ye brooks and rivers,
Murmur hymns, chant exaltation.
Snow-capped summits, verdant valleys,
Bluish mantled mountain ranges,
Darksome dales neath ocean waters,
Sing laudation, join cantation.
Waft your praises, waving grainfields,
Stately pine tree, lowly pansy,

Oak eternal, short-lived poppy,
Sweetest roses, spotless lilies,
Golden-rod and mottled iris,
Fragrant joinquil, flashing tulip,
Smiling sweetly, bow your petals;
Ferns in hidden shaddy places,
Wave your slender fronds in homage.
Monstrous whale, and flying gurnard,
Dolphin, all ye varied fishes;
Beasts of burden, lowing cattle
Honor give, bestow thanksgiving.
Birds of prey, and songsters bless Him,
Sacred ibis, white and black swan,
Stormy petrel, walking waters,
Pelicanus, swooping eagle.
Condor in the clouds high soaring,
Join creation's song of praises.
Birds of gorgeous plumage thank Him,
Restless wren, and peaceful weaver
Praise His Beauty, bless His Goodness.
Flitting humming bird in sunshine,
Nightingale, thou queen of songsters,
Sing in turn and sing in chorus
Sweet hosannas, hymns of glory.
Roaring Lion, singing cricket,
Bees in blossoms, every insect,
Hum and strum your mingled praises.
Life in lowest ocean bless Him,
Dust of air, gigantic bodies,
Creeping worm, Leviathan, praise Him.
Grave and cradle league laudations,
Lord with beggar, rich with poorest,
High and low, renowned and unknown,
Priests and prelates, men of wisdom,
Simple peasants, heads of nations,
Races, peoples, powers earthly,
Church of God unite God's children
In refrains of sacred praises;
Honor give and benediction
To our God, the great Jehovah.

RAYMOND RATH, '06.

Cheerfulness.

NOT least among the virtues which we must practise, are the social virtues. The more we are thrown in contact with people the stronger is this fact impressed upon us. To make ourselves and others happy, to make possible harmonious living and concerted action, we must cultivate those virtues which make for peace and tranquility among men and brighten our own lives and those of others. Of these the very flower and perfection is cheerfulness.

Cheerfulness is the outward manifestation of a genial or, as we say, sunny disposition—the bright sunshine of the heart. It is the reflection in the countenance of a heart that is at peace with God and men. As the mirror reflects faithfully whatever is held up to it, so, too, does our countenance and exterior faithfully reflect our interior. It is a quality therefore, which cannot well be feigned.

Cheerfulness is a jewel which all men should possess for it sheds brightness, beauty, joy and happiness upon life in all its phases. "Cheerfulness and diligence are the life and soul of success and happiness," and happiness is our aim. It is, moreover, the great safeguard of character, building it up firm so as not to be shaken by every gale of passion—a character civil, polite, gentle, patient, peaceful, manly; in fine, a moral character agreeable to the individual himself and agreeable to those who come within the reach of his influence. Cheerfulness likewise gives sweetness of character, and "sweetness of character means strength, not weakness," for it has power to bar envy, perverseness, jealousy, and bitterness. It is called, finally, a perpetual song without words. "Give us," exclaims Carlyle, "O give us the man who sings at his work!

He will do more in the same time—he will do it better, he will persevere longer,” he will meet even the bitter incidents of life with a placid smile and will not waste his energies in useless lamentations nor suffer pain every day, because he is to suffer it for one day.

Sad to say, many are not in possession of this rich jewel. They would gladly be cheerful but it is not in their nature; they rightly envy a happy nature, but seem ignorant of the fact that they can make it their own. Cheerfulness is a habit and as such can be acquired and developed, principally by seeking cheerful company. Putting himself into the company of a man with a cheerful heart and a genial smile is like walking in the sunshine of a May morning; it cheers body and soul. And if the company of one cheerful man will go a great ways to soften the acerbities of our nature, an hour spent in the society of several warm-hearted and genial friends and companions will act like a tonic on the soul. The bow strained by mental and physical exertion unbends when minds meet in happy exchange of ideas and hearts expand under the touch of sympathy, and joy is enkindled under the glow of kindly eyes.

Yet society alone will not impart abiding cheerfulness. “Happiness is found not in outside circumstances but in a quiet mind.” A quiet mind is like a placid lake that reflects all things as being at rest. There is such a thing as taking a bright view of life, but men are only too much inclined to do the reverse. But who are they that see only strife and misery in this world? Those whose own heart is a turbulent sea, that frets and foams.

The virtue of cheerfulness includes patience and forbearance, kindness and thoughtfulness toward a neighbor, and upon these dispositions of the individual his own happiness depends; the choice, therefore, lying

wholly within his will-power, whether he would be happy or not. On the other hand, more can be accomplished by a gentle disposition than by exercise of power itself, and the man possessed of a kind, genial nature will unconsciously write his name in the hearts of those with whom he comes in contact.

In like manner as a man can cultivate the habit of cheerfulness by seeking cheerful society, he can also, by intercourse with persons of a sour temper, easily throw his mind into a dry, dull, reserved and selfish condition; the heart thus grows narrow and his moral nature contracts.

“Cheerfulness is health, the opposite, melancholy, is disease,” one that shortens life more than man is aware of, and yet he is bound to have care of his health as he is bound to observe the Ten Commandments. It is well worth being cheerful, for it produces sound, healthy nerves, enables nature to recruit the strength of the body, and always contributes much to the rightful enjoyment of life. It gives the body an inestimable vigor and even diverts sickness itself, whereas worry and discontent put the nerves into constant wear and tear. “Worrying will wear the richest life to shreds.” And regrets for opportunities lost are also unavailing. All this begets a fretful temper which destroys mind and body, as equanimity of temper or continued cheerfulness brings success in life. It evinces a pure conscience, true wisdom, enlivens and brightens the mind, and dispels all worthless thoughts. It is here we give the answer of a modern writer to the question: How are we to overcome temptations? “Cheerfulness is the first thing; cheerfulness is the second; cheerfulness is the third.”

Some are under the impression that a cheerful demeanor must needs be exhibited only toward those whom they meet only occasionally, and that there is

no need in observing it toward those with whom we come in daily contact. We say, since it is a domestic virtue, none lay a greater claim to it than those by whom we are habitually surrounded. From this, however, it does not result that cheerfulness consists for the greater part, as some would have it, in filling the atmosphere with boisterous laughter, bright anecdotes and witticisms.

Sir Walter Scott affords a beautiful example of a cheerful mind, both in his public and no less in his private life. He would say: "Give me an honest laugh." That he himself laughed and was cheerful we know from the keeper of Melrose Abbey who said to Washington Irving concerning Scott: "He'll come here, sometimes wi' great folks in his company, and the first I'll know of it is hearing his voice calling out, 'Johnny! Johnny Bower!' and when I go out, I'm sure to be greeted wi' a joke or a pleasant word. He'll stand and crack and laugh wi' me just like an auld wife; and to think that of a man that has such an awfu' knowledge of history!"

ALBIN J. SCHEIDLER, '05.



Thoughts of Home.

HOME, the word so full of magic power!
A song in joy and woe
Wakes in my breast, resounds at every hour:
The song of youthful glow.

The flowers there the sweetest fragrance breathe,
And birds more freely sing,
The playful brooklets where I wound the wreath
The brightest message brings,

While greetings of the bell in floods of light
And perfume die away,
Dear names and scenes with memories fraught, more bright
Awake to cheer the day.

I rest against my oak and safely lie
As on a mother's heart;
And birds me seek, as if with sister's eye
To sing till I must part.

Again I gaze into the hazy hue
Where love and home must be—
Ye restless little sailors of the blue
Bring greetings there of me.

My heart in anxious yearning throbs and sighs
And sorrow's cup o'erflown—
Returning birds no greetings bring. My eyes
Grow moist,—I am alone.

O let me fly with lark and nightingale
To play on native ground;
Those hearts bewailing me as lost to hail,
To make the woods resound.

Let me ascend to a twinkling golden star
Upon my home to shine,
And balsam bring to hearts so dear and far,
To loving hearts that pine.

A sister's hand as token roses broke,
Full roses, red and clear,
That from their grave love's happy children woke
To mingle smile with tear.

The roses died a lingering death. To me
O paradise of youth,
Though freely banished from your lays, you'll be
A lost but living truth.

With metal tongue the bell calls out the hour
Of eve o'er woods and lea,
And golden mellow sunshine floods the bower,
A shadow falls on me.

Yes, there are hearts that offer many a prayer,
For me, alone forlorn:
'Tis happiness, 'tis sunshine for my care,
'Tis joy from sorrow born.

O happy memories, scenes of youthful days,
My childhood joys you bring;
Then hover 'round me, phantoms to my gaze—
And sorrow may yet sing.

Sweet blissful melancholy, delightful pain,
I love thy presence well;
Till full and gladsome vision be my gain
I shall not break thy spell.

VITUS A. SCHUETTE, '99.



Jack Frost.

IN a palace of glittering ice, far up among the Polar regions, where glow the Northern Lights, lives a great magician, with hoary locks and furrowed face, ploughed o'er by Time. His palace stands alone and secluded—no man, save one, ever ventures near; no foot, but one, ever crosses the threshold of this icy palace, for there is a legend among the natives that the inhabitant of the palace visits all curious explorers who dare to approach too close with immediate death by his icy breath.

The inhabitant of these cold but brilliant walls is Jack Frost, magician and monarch of Winter. He is a jovial but wily old gentleman and upon occasion even malignant and vicious. For this latter quality he is much disliked and not suffered to remain among men except for one season of the year. As we see him now, he stands on the highest tower of his castle and gazes out over the icy fields and flocs surrounding. Far in the distance he sees a lone traveler approaching, toiling laboriously over the slippery hills. Nearer and nearer the stranger comes until to his surprise Jack Frost recognizes his younger brother Autumn, now in his declining days, coming back to the North to rest his weary form. Jack descends to meet him and place him in his apartments, then hurries off to make preparations for his annual tour.

Now he see him in his snow-covered cap, icy hair and beard and fringed coat descend to the lands from which his younger brother has just departed. He comes into the peaceful valley and at his breath the trees shudder and the corn rustles and the grass shrivels. Then, repenting of his cruelty, he sends a

gentle fall of snow covering everything with a vesture of spotless white. On through the forest he hurries, stripping sturdy oaks of their russet foilage, crushing under foot the sweet-mouthed honey-suckle and modest narcissus, and causing the friendly briar bush to grow stiff and cold.

Through the valley runs a rippling streamlet, which he touches with his magic wand, and immediately it becomes cold and hard. Is there no escape from the spell of this cruel monarch? Even Mother Earth herself, unable to withstand his fearful temper, now grows numb and falls into a lethargic sleep. No little messengers of earthy freshness issue forth from her bosom. All is quiet. Slowly, like gentle messengers from heaven, thick fleecy flakes of snow come tumbling to the ground. Faster and faster they come until the earth is covered with a garment of milky whiteness. The trees glitter in their snowy plumage, and garden and field repose in sweet sleep under their downy cover. It is Jack Frost in his kindlier mood.

But it is galling on him to be good, and he resolves on mischief. Entering the city, he takes his stand on the thoroughfares and pinches the ears and noses of the passers-by, delighted with the opprobrious epithets that are flung at him by his victims. With the help of his crispy winds he reddens cheeks and causes the blood to flow quickly through the veins. As busy humanity hurries home to a warm fire, Jack Frost follows until he reaches the homes of the poor, where in wanton cruelty he stops to annoy the shivering inmates with his icy presence.

At last, spent with his wiles and cruelties, he returns with tottering steps to his northern home. As he ascends the mountains he casts a frown over the land which he so lately devastated. Must he relinquish his claim to the fair young maiden, who is descending

into the valley? Once more he resumes his journey, with unsteady steps, and as he passes away, the icy spell is broken. The river breaks its glassy mantle, the earth awakes from her sleep and the birds appear to mock the feeble monarch at his going. Now his palace appears, and sad of spirit and weary of body, he enters once more its frigid walls, there to remain until his faithful brother Autumn shall return to inform him that everything is again prepared for his coming.

D. L. MONAHAN, '06.



Harvey Birch, the Peddler Spy.

COOPER as a novelist stands high in the estimation of the American people. His skilfully drawn pictures of life in the West and on the sea are still gazed upon with the feeling that he portrayed us both as a nation and as individuals with the loyalty of a heart that beats in unison with ours. Cooper is always national; his scenes and plots are laid in America, and his characters bear the imprint of our individuality. Even in his tales of British maritime exploits the characteristics of the Yankee at times reveal themselves through the Anglican dress. His portraitures of personality, however, have not the peculiar stamp befitting a great novelist. The power of description and invention were his, and they have seldom been excelled; but with a few exceptions, he failed to create. However, his one great creation, "Leatherstocking" or "Natty Bumppo," his Indians, the eminent personality he gives to Paul Jones, and the character of Harvey Birch, the peddler-spy, are beyond doubt types of humanity that are above the average, and are really additions to literature.

Harvey Birch, the peddler-spy, is the principal hero, if it can be so expressed, in a tale of the neutral ground, "The Spy." This was the first novel of any importance that issued from the pen of Cooper, and is one of his best. In it we see "Leatherstocking" the future king of the prairie and woodland, outlined in the picture of the spy. The same solemn but rough reverence of religion pervades both; the same fearlessness in danger, though the hero of the "Prairie" in some degree sought perils, while the peddler shunned them. It was not his cowardice, however, but his condition as a reputed spy of his country that kept him

from the sight of his fellow countrymen. As a spy the Americans would have shown him no mercy, and he could not reveal to them his true character. He had given his word to a certain mysterious being whom he ever reverently named as "him" and he would not retract. We may say with truth that Harvey Birch was an unfinished portrait of the great Leatherstocking; and this fact becomes clearer as we note Cooper's inclination to imitate the characters in each of his foregoing novels, the Leatherstocking tales being written later than the spy. As a peddler Harvey displays but few exceptional characteristics; only the garb of the spy gives him a pleasing tinge of romance and is the background to the interest which his character awakens. Yet the portrayal of his personality both as a peddler and as a spy, is worthy the efforts of a Dickens or a Shakespeare. The moving pathos with a glimmering of a grim humor is an echo of Dicken's genius, while the deeply philosophical sentences recall Shakespeare's creations. The peddler's sack is but a passport to effect the designs of the spy, yet he seems to be adept in the art of peddling. We would even think him a peddler by nature, if we were not led to surmise from the conversation between him and his dying father that his earlier days were spent more happily. Some premature sorrow overshadowed Harvey's life, and the tragic death of his aged father but darkened the cloud. In all his dangers and trials, however, he always remembered that a mighty Providence guided his footsteps, and he often implored its assistance. Moreover, unlike the majority of peddlers, he trusted a truly generous heart of whatever creed or clime; but like them also possessed an unerring judgment of human character. Furthermore, as a spy, when gratitude or friendship demanded his services, he distinguished not friend from foe.

His double character often weighed heavily upon him, but an iron will conquered all failings of the spirit. When his own countrymen hunted him like a beast of the forest, and a price was placed upon his head, he rather pitied than resented their blind fury. While a spy of the British, his sympathies were at heart for his own countrymen, and when their lives and country were imperiled his mysteriously ubiquitous person was at hand to relieve and succor generously his persecutors.

Oaths, curses and pistol shots were his miserable reward. This unmerited ingratitude broke down his generous soul, and there in the depths of the wilderness, wild despair gripped his heart and he would cry out in broken accents upon the Almighty for aid. Still, when the war was over, he preferred ridicule and obloquy to renown and reward, that the guardians of his country might not be defamed. Lastly, we must note his filial love toward his feeble father and never-failing care for his wants.

Cooper's novels are still read all over the globe, and if they exercise a wholesome influence, as they surely do, it is largely owing to the portrayal of characters with the disposition and temperament of Harvey Birch.

VICTOR MEAGHER, '06.



Awakening.

FAINTLY mounts the glorious day-star,
Clad in grand and bright array;
Higher still, and higher climbing,
He pursues his golden way.

Briskly he unveils his bosom,
Shining all with brilliant light;
At his coming earth rejoices
And all nature at the sight.

Balmy rays flash from his forehead
Pierce the river limpid, cold;
Birds delight us with their carols
While they spread their wings of gold.

Sweetly turning to their master
Plants to him their homages pay:
Holding up their cups of fragrance,
Chiding him for long delay.

At the sun's grand pow'rful coming,
At the clarion of the cock,
Shepherds 'wake from pleasant slumber,
And with them their gentle flock.

Quick and bluff the feathery legion,
Heedful of their chieftain's note,
Issue, for the cherished morsel,
Forth from ev'ry nook and moat.

Sparkling dew-drops deck the leaflets,
Each a silv'ry, glist'ning tear,
Which the night has swept from heaven,
When the sky shone bright and clear.

W. SCHEIDLER, '05.

A Contention.

THE four seasons met at the base of a snow-capped mountain, and being of very contrary dispositions and exceedingly vainglorious, at once fell to disputing about their respective charms. Each prided himself on his peculiar and superior qualities, but all save one rested their arguments on flowers. It was a very lively controversy that ensued—a thing not at all uncommon and quite in standing with such illustrious and high-minded folk. As may be expected, Spring took the lead with a prating but nevertheless smart harangue.

“Now I will just say, simply and plainly and succinctly,” she began, “that there are no other plants or flowers as pleasing as mine and as dear to man. Why, people just watch for them to appear and bring joy to their hearts. Behold my brave little snow-drops and glory of the snows, whose tiny spears and bells pierce and break the crusted snow; my crocus, whose brilliant petals defy the most chilling and biting frosts; then, too, there are my dazzling, flashing and glowing tulips, and the hyacinth, which men call the queen of flowers, whose sturdy little stocks bear such a profusion of sweet-scented bells. I have not yet mentioned those gallant rough-riders of the lawn, the golden dandelion, nor the golden-eyed daisy from whose petals the country lasses can tell their fortune. Then there are the fulgent anemones of wood and dale, the humble violet and the nodding buttercup. Proud am I of the ancient but ever glorious narcissus, whose bright eyes and yellow trumpets formed the nosegays of Europa, and which has ever been the muses’ favorite flower. Happy brides and their maids wear my Lily of the valley’s bells; and the smiling pansy, those jolly Johnnie-jumpers of grandma’s time, are found on the

breakfast tables of kings. Everybody admires the paeonies, with their immense full-blown blossom-heads. And the sweet-scented buds of the calycanthus, the sweet shrub, is plucked by every passer-by and tied in a corner of the kerchief. As to the rose, need I speak of it? No! Let great Shakespeare's opinion suffice. What sayest thou, O great poet?

"Of all the flowers
I like the rose."

"Stop, stop," interrupted Summer, "your little beauties are too tender and frail. The first parching westwind shrivels and destroys them. You have not yet departed, when my 'fleur de lis,' my iris, the flower of all countries, of all ages and of all poets begins to unfold. You ought to see with what delight men gaze upon her soft velvet petals, blue and white, striped, mottled and splashed, crested, crinkled and gold-bound. Let us hear the opinion of the poets also. Here is Mr. Longfellow close by; with whom is he conversing? Listen:

"Thou art the Iris fair amongst the fairest,
Who armed with golden-rod,
And winged with celestial azure, bearest
The message of some god."

"Pray, hear me out. Behold my alabaster white lilies. They adorn churches and palaces, graves and coffins. I will not speak of my vegetables and fruits, but suppose that some were presented you on a table decked with vases of fragrant sweet-peas, the emblems of happiness, stately swordflowers and magnificent dahlias with sprays of the very humble, but also very sweet, mignonette intermingled. Only yesterday the humming bird apprised me of the many eulogies passed by men on the stately swordflowers, and the bee said she saw a beautiful maid folding the myostis, the for-

get-me-not, into a letter, and the old philosopher owl, stated that while peering into the sanctum of a certain college journal he saw what seemed to him an hexameter on the golden rod."

"Tut, tut, tut!" cried Fall without ceremony, "cease your vapping and let me speak a word for the grandest of flowers, the chrysanthemum. My glorious "mums" are the buttonhole flowers for election day. As it stands blooming on Winter's icy verge, it cheers the sad hearts of men, lessening their dread for my grim-visaged successor. Their read, white and golden heads stand in full relief over and above the remains of perished annuals and brown leaves. Then, too, my wahoo, or burning bush, and the mountain ash with their crimson berries console men when all else looks dreary and dead."

"Fie on all your royal purple pansies, daffy-down dillies or even your richly-dressed lilies," broke in Winter. "Look at my evergreens; see the striking contrast of white snow and green boughs; see,

"The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss and garments green."

"Here, here!" screamed the other three, "you have no right to claim them as yours—

"Where the pinewoods wave
And the white streams rave
I came when I was old,"

replied Winter grandly.

"Stop," said Spring.

"And why should I? Have you not rejected the evergreens, when you had your say? It is I that by covering them with sparkling jewels and spreading white carpets under them make them loved and desired by men, because it fills them with that happy longing called hope, which is to them the highest gift. Thus

they disputed until Sir Mountain, having grown weary of their restless quarrel, resolved upon a peremptory adjournment. Having vainly appealed to them by low and distant rumblings and perceiving that delay only made matters worse, he sent an avalanche of snow down his side, which caused Winter to betake himself in a prodigious and precipitate flight, from peak to peak, until finally he fell exhausted at the foot of the North Pole. Fall stretched his sinews for a harum-scarum scamper along the swallow-tailed coat of Sir Mountain and then hid himself in a quagmire surrounded with scrub oaks. Spring jostled herself into a hurry-scurry triple through the valley; and Summer started briskly over the plain; whilst the strong-backed, broad-bottomed Mountain soon enjoyed a refreshing siesta.



Carpe Diem.

Tomorrow's sun may never rise,
Tomorrow's light may fail;
Today's the day if you are wise,
Today's the day to sail.

L. M., '06.



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Editorials.

*Feast of
St. Joseph.*

The month of March is dear to us as being the month of St. Joseph, the patron Saint of the College, whose feast is celebrated on the nineteenth. During this month, then, it becomes our duty more than ever to show honor and love to him by our prayers and offerings, and a spirit of thankfulness for his assistance and protection. It may here be well to ask of ourselves whether our gratitude is in proportion to the favors received.

*The
Retreat.*

Following closely upon the semi-annual examinations, which seem to have been passed very creditably on the whole, came the annual retreat for the students, which lasted from January 29 to February 1. This year the faculty were singularly fortunate in securing as retreat master the well-known pulpit orator and missionary, Rev. E. M. Laycock. It was one of the ablest and most successful retreats ever given at the college, and we are sure that it has been productive of much and lasting fruit. The lively interest and pleasure evinced by the students in the various conferences and exercises showed their deep appreciation of the retreat master's efforts. The Rev. Father himself has a very pleasing yet convincing manner of imparting his ideas and lessons. In his facility for apt and forcible illustrations he is rarely equalled. His power consists in vividness of description and pathetic appeals to the heart, which cannot fail to respond warmly to his glowing words. We can assure the Rev. Father that this retreat will ever be a source of pleasant and helpful recollections to the students, and we take this opportunity to give public expression to our appreciation of his labors.



*Joan
of Arc.*

It is highly gratifying to observe with what readiness and pleasure the whole world, both Catholic and Protestant, received the recent announcement of the beatification of Joan of Arc. Catholics were unanimous in expressing their joy at the happy event; Protestants vie with each other in what, perhaps, was considered a sort of chivalrous duty, of exonerating her character from alleged crimes and extolling her virtues.

Truly, she is now forever freed from the slanderous and shameful imputations, and as she once felt before

the Dauphin and gave him back France and peace, so she now kneels at the feet of the Almighty King of nations holding in her hand the white standard with the names of valiant fidelity and unstained purity emblazoned on it in golden letters, praying for that peace which France, the land of her birth, ruthlessly cast aside.



*Support
of
Missions.*

We have received a copy of the appeal of the Commission for the Catholic Missions among the Colored People and the Indians, and a statement showing a slight increase in the collections for that cause. No more eloquent plea for the support of these missions has probably ever been made than this one, and we are sure it will fall on good ground. That the Catholics of this country are slowly awakening to a sense of their duty in this matter is shown by the steady increase in the contributions during the last years. Attention is again called to the fact that non-Catholics are much more generous in the support of their missions than Catholics. 'Tis true, and a pity it is, 'tis true.

But are there no extenuating circumstances for this humiliating fact? We think there are. Catholics are surely not as blessed with the goods of this world in this country as Protestants, and Protestants we call nearly all non-Catholics, because they at one time or other in their lives come under Protestant influence. Catholic millionaires and rich men are few and far between, and the middle and poorer classes are taxed heavily in the building and support of churches, schools and other institutions.

Still, this does not explain it entirely why the rich and well-to-do Catholics do not take the same or more interest in religious and educational affairs, and do not make the same sacrifices for them as the Prot-

estants. To our knowledge this has never been adequately explained. Will some one like Father Sheehan or Dr. Heuser or James Randall, or any one else that has the courage of his convictions, venture to explain?



Correct Speech. There is nothing that should be more discountenanced and deprecated among students than incorrect speech, and its more pernicious and degenerate form—slang. “A tendency to slang, to colloquial inelegancies and even vulgarities”, says Prof. Whitney, “is the besetting sin against which we as Americans have especially to guard”. And indeed, it is an established fact that the influence of any habit of man upon language is reciprocated by the influence of language upon man; and that the whole moral and mental tone of a community may be vitiated by a yielding to the use of coarse, loose, low and frivolous phraseology. The unenviable vocabularies of some students often merely consist of an inexplicable jumble of unmeaning words and phrases, that not only bid defiance to grammar and dictionary, but in many cases fail to appeal to the understanding. It is an absurdity for anyone to expect to speak with readiness and elegance in public, when his daily conversation bristles with vulgarisms and ungrammatical constructions of every sort. True, a student can and should give care and forethought to compositions for public delivery, but it may happen that he will be required to speak *ex tempore*, in which case he will either give utterance to something exquisitely foolish and shocking or remain disgracefully silent. Correctness of speech is eminently a test of good breeding. Students are often abruptly called from the college class-room into active life, where their daily contact with their fellows brings their defects in this respect into woeful prom-

inence. Many a young man with correct habits of speech has secured a position where another with higher endowments and more knowledge, has failed for the opposite reason. It is, therefore, worth the while of every student to strive for perfection in this line.

To what end are we making such persistent efforts to obtain a serviceable faultless, if not elegant style, if not for the sake of acquiring correct habits and thought and speech, for the sake of cultivating our mind. Why, then, neutralize these efforts in our conversation? It is only intellectual laziness and slovenliness that induces this habit, and unless overcome, our striving for education and culture is largely in vain.



Exchanges.

"*Semper Fidelis*" is, we think, a very appropriate motto for *The Young Eagle*, for it is one of the most faithful of our exchanges, not only in the regularity and promptness of its visits, but also in maintaining its standard of pure English. "Literature as a Teacher" contains some very just reflections, and the paragraphing and order of progress are admirable. "The Character of Napoleon Bonaparte" is a good character-sketch, and not, like many so-called character-sketches, a biography. His insatiable ambition and his "worldly, practical way" of viewing questions of religion, prominent traits of Napoleon's character, are clearly set forth. Evidently, the exchange editor is thoroughly at home in her work.

"The Unequal Distribution of Labor" in the Christmas number of the *St. Ignatius Collegian*, is by far the best essay of the month. To a strong grasp of

his subject the writer has added the merit of a style well in keeping with the tone of the article. The verse of *The Collegian* is of the highest order. During our occupancy of the ex-man's chair we have read no poem that surpasses in beauty of thought and diction "The Deluge of the Snow". The editorials are mostly on local subjects, but possess a quality rarely found in such, in that they are of interest to outsiders as well. The ex-man has so far ably acquitted himself of his task.

Despite the fact that we had received no notice of the demise of the *S. V. C. Index*, its prolonged absence had forced on us a theory to that effect, and hence its arrival came in the nature of a surprise. A perusal of the contents of the January issue caused us to regret its absence all the more. "The Detested Coronet" reminds us strongly of "The Collegians"—not our own, Gerald Griffith's, we mean. It has a good plot—a rare thing nowadays—and is well told. The editorials are timely and instructive.

The Christmas issue of the *Institute Echoes* can well be termed a Shakespearean number, the first half being given to the "Merchant of Venice". Despite the fact that Shakespeare has been the subject of essays innumerable, he still continues to be a source of inspiration to our rising geniuses. Praiseworthy, however, as are the productions on Shakespeare, we prefer the article on Father Sheehan's "Under the Cedars and the Stars". This is an article which we read again with increasing interest. The establishment of an exchange column and more virility in the editorials would greatly improve the *Echoes*.

A weekly which claims a large coterie of readers at St. Joseph's is the *Catholic Columbian*. Some of its admirers call it a veritable storehouse of information, and we believe they are not far from the truth.

"James R. Randall's Letters" give one bits of interesting information on men and things in public life, couched in that author's charming language. The editorials treat of topics with which every Catholic should be familiar. Short stories, with a good moral, frequently adorn the pages of the *Columbian*. A feature of this paper, which no young man should neglect to read, is the column called "Chats". In it he will find hints which, if heeded, will enable him to form a good, manly character.

Although we are fully aware that the man who is always ready to give advice is the man to be shunned, we cannot refrain on this occasion from suggesting that short story writers omit that beautiful bit of description with which they invariably begin their stories. Or if they absolutely must insert that description, then in pity to old age, drop the expressions, "the meandering stream", "the shades of evening", and a few other oft repeated "dead uns".



With the Magazines.

PAOLO SARPI.

Atlantic Monthly. Under the caption, "Fra Paolo Sarpi", Andrew D. White has contributed two papers to the January and February numbers of the *Atlantic Monthly*. The article is more than a biography or appreciation of Sarpi's work, it is a general summary of almost all the accusations brought against the Church, and especially against the Holy See, since the inception of Protestantism. Mr. White is known as an author, a scholar, and diplomat, but this article will not aid in furthering his reputation

among Catholics and all well-read and well-minded readers of the magazine. The bitterness and bigotry he shows in this article would alone suffice to discredit his statements; it is full of sarcasm, odious comparisons, overdrawn conclusions, irony, disparaging allusions, and lavish praise for the opponents of the Church.

Fra Paolo Sarpi, well-known as the counsellor of the Venitian Republic when it opposed Pope Paul V, and as the writer of the "History of the Council of Trent," was born at Venice in 1552, studied under the direction of his uncle and a Servite monk, Capella. He entered the Servite Order in 1565, became priest, provincial at the age of twenty-six. He was known for his learning, both sacred and profane, and was one of the most formidable and crafty of the opponents of the Pope at that time.

The main trend of White's article is to show that Sarpi's life and aims were noble, that he waged the fight for the cause of humanity, and not on account of personal motives; that he was a faithful adherent to right principles and that he was upright and sincere.

To produce an entire refutation of this article would take us too long and rather tax our historical knowledge, but, though only a college student, we may be permitted to oppose the statements of some Protestant and Catholic historians to those of Mr. White, and see in how far he has managed to keep the light off the darker side of Sarpi's character.

Sarpi was a Protestant at heart, and the reason that he opposed Rome so viciously was in a great part due to the fact that he had been slighted when he made application for a bishopric. White mentions this but does not acknowledge it as a cause of his hate.

Ranke—according to White the "most unprejudiced of judges," says: "Fra Paolo bore a decided and implacable hatred toward the secular influence of the

papacy. It has been attributed to the refusal of a bishopric, for which he had been proposed; and who shall venture positively to deny the effect that a mortifying rejection, excluding a natural *ambition* from its path, may produce even in a manly spirit?" The historian Weis also mentions the above reason. But be it what it may, that Sarpi was a Protestant can be clearly shown. Ranke says: "It would not be possible to specify the mode of belief to which he (Sarpi) was inwardly attached, it was a mode of belief of which we often perceive traces adhering to none of the established systems of doctrine, dissentient and speculative, but not yet clearly defined, nor entirely made out." Receveur quotes Bossuet: "Sarpi was nothing but a protestant disguised in a monk's cowl," and adds, "of this the principal heretics had been certain without doubt from the sarcasms and the widespread calumnies in his History of the Council of Trent—and from his letters written to the minister at Geneva, which were made public later." (Recevuer, Histoire de l'Englise, Vol. VIII, 49.)

Roscoe ennumerates Sarpi among "the partizans of the Reformers." (History of Leo X, Vol. II.) "He had a most intimate intercourse with Duplessis-Mornay, the pope of the Huguenots, and with Burnet. Diodati says he asked him to go over to Protestantism, but Sarpi answered he could do more for Protestantism in the monk's cowl." (Weis, Weltgeschichte, Vol. 42.) "Domenico Passionei (into whose hands the correspondence Sarpi had with the Protestants, fell) writes: "This roughish, but for all that learned man, had projected the introduction of Calvinism into Venice; that was the aim of his operations, and later letters have brought this more and more to light; Henry IV. of France learned of Sarpi's correspondence and notified

the Venitian Senate. Later Sarpi wrote more cautiously." (Weis, IV, 2.)

Strongest of all authorities on this point is the German historian, Janssen, who substantiates every one of his statements by noting his sources in footnotes. Speaking of the attempt to introduce Protestantism into Italy, he takes for granted that Sarpi was a Proestant at heart: "Sarpi and his fellow-conspirators tried even to introduce war into Italy." "The soul of this attempt was the faithless (abtruennige) Servite monk, Fra Paolo Sarpi—who stood in the closest relations to the most zealous Calvinists of France and Switzerland." (Janssen, *Geschichte des Deutschen Volkes*, Vol. V, 585.) "Sarpi admonishes them 'as long as the French and Germans were only active on the outskirts, their endeavors would ever remain unsuccessful, they must strike at the heart itself, in Italy was the fountain-head of the Pope and Jesuitism.'" "Six months after—the Prince of Pfalz ' (Calvinist) sent Johann Lenk to Venice as negotiator....who joined Sarpi." (Janssen, V, 585.)

"Sarpi wrote to Wotten that 12,000-15,000 persons were ready to fall away from the church, among them was the doge himself and many of the council." (Janssen, V, 584.)

So much to show that Sarpi's endeavor to destroy the power of the Pope was not altogether a pure motive, and much more, it shows that Sarpi was qualified for anything else but not to write an unbiased history of the Council of Trent, which constituted his chief work. It also shows that he was a consummate dissimulator, and a man that had not the courage to openly profess his convictions, living as a Catholic and thinking as a Protestant.

"That Sarpi's History of the Council of Trent bears evidence of strength and is lucid," as it should

be, coming from the pen of a learned man, is true in a great measure, but when White says "Everywhere it bears evidence of truthfulness," we are forced to disagree. Even if we admit that the greater number of his statements are facts of history, it must be remembered that Sarpi's history was written for the greater part on the style of an argument, and as such it is by far not what it ought to be. Ranke in his criticism of the work, says: "Such is the spirit of his (Sarpi's) observations throughout the work; they are steeped in gall and bitterness." After speaking of the good qualities of the work, of which there are some in reality, Ranke says: "But with these qualities there is without doubt connected the fact that his narration assumes the color of his own opinions, his systematic opposition of the Roman court, his ill-will or his hatred to the papacy, are *constantly* apparent." (Ranke, History of the Popes, Vol. III, Appendix.) Again Ranke says: "Sarpi has not supplied us with a detailed enumeration of his authorities." White says: "It can be discerned in Sarpi's History that atmosphere of intrigue and brutal assertion by which the Roman Curia bade defiance to the world." Ranke says: "His work is disparaging, reproachful and hostile. Equally obvious are the efforts he makes to strengthen all impressions unfavorable to the Council. The conduct of the work is in the spirit of decided opposition." According to Ranke the above mentioned "brutal assertion" was just what Sarpi tried to make the argument of his work, and he tried all means to effect the same; "we find him interweaving the words of the instructions, viz., that of Leo XI. to Contarini regarding the attitude of the Pontiff at the Council." "Sarpi will by no means acknowledge that the Papal See gave proof of a disposition to conciliatory measures of any kind whatever. According to him Contarini was compelled

to assert the Papal authority in its most rigorous form (Here follows the quotation of Sarpi's false interpretation of Leo's instruction) matters concerning which, in the instruction, at least there was not a word to be found." (Ranke, III, App.) This is but one of the many instances of untruthfulness in Sarpi's History that Ranke mentions. At all events it suffices to disprove the unqualified statement of White that the history "bears *everywhere* evidences of truthfulness—and the brutal assertion of power by the Roman Curia." It may be unnecessary to add that the greater part of the work was based on the previous works of Sleidan, a Protestant historian of the Reformation period.

With a goodly touch of sentimentality and effective garbling, White relates to us the story of Sarpi's assassination.

This is the story according to Hergenroether: "On the evening of October 5, 1607, under the leadership of a bankrupt Venetian merchant (Ridolfo Poma) an attempt was made to assassinate Sarpi. The assassins fled to the Papal grounds, were taken into custody and one of the assassins was beheaded; the others imprisoned for life. (According to White they were received with open arms at Rome and honored.) In the governing circles at Rome the deed was despised. Cardinal Pinella said there was not such an atrocious deed in all history. The Pope expressed entire dissatisfaction upon hearing it, saying, he surely wished to see Sarpi punished, but that it was blind and mistaken zeal to do it in such a manner. Besides this, Sarpi, according to Janssen was engaged in work of this kind himself. Speaking of the attempt to introduce Protestantism into Italy, he says: "A considerable number of priests, who made it a point of duty for their penitents to show obedience to the Holy See were secretly executed" (viz., by the Venetian promoters of

Protestantism, at whose head stood Sarpi.) (Janssen, V, 586.)

White has also mistaken the meaning of Papal infallibility throughout his work, but one passage especially is too good to omit. "Pope Urban VIII., the same Pontiff who wrecked Papal infallibility on Galileo's telescope," etc. This is made still more laughable by being supplemented by a note which proves that the Pope himself "condemned Galileo's 'doctrine' and not the Congregation of the Index."

White makes one assertion upon another, all of which would deserve, and should have, the sources given, at least for the facts. Those authors that he does mention are: Hallam, Grotius, Guizot, Macaulay, Gibbon and Villari, all hostile to Catholic principles in their opinions.

Since writing the above we find that the *Pilot* of Boston and the *Church Progress* share our surprise and indignation to meet with an article of this kind in the twentieth century, and from the pen of Andrew White.

The American Inventor. Another paper to which our attention has been drawn is that of "Heroes of Science" in the *American Inventor* for February 1. This article should never have made its appearance in a paper "devoted to the latest development in the Arts and Sciences," unless the editors look upon the statements in it as we do, namely as inventions, and some of them very late ones at that. Galileo's story needs no comment, it starts out very humorously indeed, but ends up like the negro's discussion as to the possibility of the earth moving around the sun, that "the sun do move" after all. It admits that Galileo was not subject to bodily pain but at least to "cruel moral torture, for the sake of science" (?); which is just as false as the previous statement relating to the imprisonment, etc. Virgilius of Salzburg, ac-

according to our knowledge died calmly on his couch, and was not burned at the stake for asserting the existence of the "antipodes." How a man can make such a statement passes our comprehension. Virgilius of Salzburg was, by the way, a bishop, and is now a saint, and this latter fact alone would prove the falsity of the statement made in the *Inventor*, for he was canonized soon after his death. Rogen Bacon was protected by Clement IV. against a host of accusers. He was later subjected to a term in the convent prison, not in a loathsome dungeon, as stated, for upholding a system of astrology, which was a heresy; and not for his devotion to scientific studies. Bruno was burned alive, not on account of his teachings of "modern astronomy" (his teaching was not very modern either) but for "atheism, infidelity to his Order and for blasphemy, which were then all three, crimes, and civil crimes at that, subject to the same punishment as murder and treason are at present. Campanella was not persecuted on account of his philosophical views, but on account of his interpretation of them into false theological principles, which constituted the "flagrant" part of the heresy, if any such existed.

IG. WAGNER, '04.



Personals.

Rev. Nicholas Welsh, C. PP. S., who was obliged to relinquish his duties as professor at the college on account of an affliction of the throat, which made it impossible for him to exert his voice as much as is required in the class-room, is now Chaplain at Rochester, Minn. We learn that the climate of that section agrees very well with him and that he is in general pleased with his position. It is the hope of the students that Father Nicholas will be cured permanently of his trouble and that he will be enabled again to resume work at the college.

Father Provincial called at the college, together with two young priests of the Italian province of the Congregation of the Most Precious Blood, Fathers Pasquale Renzullo, and Eduardo Ricciardelli. Both are very amiable gentlemen, and we bid them a hearty welcome to this country, and extend to them our sincerest wishes for a happy and successful ministry. They will devote themselves to work among their countrymen in the city and diocese of Chicago.

Other visitors at the college were Father Laycock, Rev. George Hoerstman, Mr. Martin Greven, Ft. Wayne, Ind., and Miss M. Quinlan, who accompanied her brother Martin to the college.

Rev. D. Brackman, C. PP. S., and Rev. Mr. Theodore Sauer, C. PP. S., have been summoned to St. Joseph's as professors. We extend them both a cordial welcome.

We are pleased to welcome J. Engesser on his return to college. Mr. Engesser graduated in the Commercial Department in '97, and has been quite successful in business. He thought the opportunity that was offered him to attend another term at the college too good to be missed, and so he is with us again.

A. S., '05.

Societies.

THE students of the south side study hall have organized a German Literary Society to be known as the "St. Xavier's Verein." They have undertaken the venture for the purpose of improving themselves in German. Father Didacus Brackman, C. PP. S. will be their Director.

We hope this new society will flourish and will be a help to them in the study of German.

Members of the C. L. S. and the students generally, were much pleased to learn that Rev. Thomas Conroy, '96, will read a paper on "The Poet Crashaw and His Times" before the C. L. S. on a day within the month of April. Father Conroy distinguished himself as a thinker and close student of literature and a stylist of no mean ability when writing for the COLLEGIAN, and we may therefore expect a fine paper on Crashaw.

C. L. S. At the opening of the second session, the Columbians, according to their constitution, met to elect officers. The following is the new board: President, F. Didier; vice-president, A. Scheidler; secretary, F. Wachendorfer; treasurer, M. Shea; critic, M. Ehleringer; editor, E. Lonsway; marshal, E. Freiburger. Ex. Committee—L. Monahan, W. Scheidler, E. Pryor.

It was one of the most enjoyable elections ever held, being carried on in a gentlemanly way and in good parliamentary order, and with much spirit and enthusiasm. Mr. Didier was elected by acclamation. Struggling really began with the choice for the office of secretary. The office of critic was very much disputed, three ballots being necessary to effect a choice. But when the vote finally centered on Mr. Ehleringer

everybody felt satisfied that the choice was a good one. With the above staff of officers as their stars, the Columbians hope to continue the good work of the past session.

The program rendered on February 14, was well prepared and very entertaining. The following is the order :

Clarionet Solo	F. Wachendorfer
	Accompanied by O. Knapke.
Declamatory Essay, "The Highways of Literature".....	
.....	B. Wellman
Select Reading, "Joshua and the Fashionable Dinner"....	
.....	V. Meagher
Comic Recitation, "The Ship of Faith".....	N. Keller
Debate	Affirmative .. { H. Fuertges,
	" .. { I. Collins,
	Negative { C. Fisher,
	{ C. Kloeters.
Saxaphone Solo, "Lead Kindly Light".....	R. Rath
	Accompanied by O. Knapke.
One-Act Comedy, "The School Master",	
Wm. Simpson.....	O. Hentges
Mr. Tullyhorn.....	I. Weis
Dr. Pellet.....	B. Schmitz

The gentlemen appearing on the above-mentioned program were fairly successful in presenting their particular parts. Still some deficiencies are never wanting. Much of the effect of Mr. Wellman's able composition was lost through a want of spirit in delivery. Mr. Keller's attempt at negro dialect was laudable. Mr. Meagher should have suggested his characters a little better in his reading. Speakers on the affirmative side of the debate were both too fast, many of their arguments lacking proper emphasis. In this particular their opponents excelled, both having a slow, but earnest delivery. All the compositions were short and pointed. This being their first attempt

at debating, these gentlemen deserve special praise and encouragement. The comedy was a good selection and its rendition on par with that of the "Last Coat." The lurking stage ability of Mr. Hentges was an agreeable surprise. The gentleman showed talent in this respect and is deserving of notice in the future. Mr. I. Weis has an impressive little figure. The drollery of Mr. Schmitz had its desired effect.

A. L. S. When last we heard of the Aloysians they presented a very creditable program on December 20th last. To show that they are keeping abreast of the tide, they are punctual in holding regular bi-monthly meetings and private programs. On February 7th a new force of officers was chosen for the ensuing term. The result of ballots was the following: President, F. Rainey; vice-president, N. Allgeier; secretary, L. Bergman; treasurer, H. Fries; marshal, J. Costello; editor, P. Miller; librarian, P. Peiffer. Ex-Committee—J. Miller, P. Gase, J. Saccone.

It is gratifying to note that the Aloysians are making good progress, for in these we recognize the future material of the Columbians. Their representatives will again appear in public on St. Patrick's day. An entertaining program may be expected.

At a regular meeting of the Marian Sodality, February 14th, the following new officers were chosen: Prefect, F. Didier; first assistant, B. Quell; second assistant, I. Wagner.

After the election of officers the "Little Office of the Bl. Virgin" was recited, and the Sodality adjourned.

J. H. S., '05.



Happenings.

P. Peiffer needs much sleep to prolong his height.

Diocletian after abdicating, daily toiled in the "sauer-kraut patches."

Football encounters Freiburger's ephemeral form nearly as hard as dancing.

While Babe was seeking a "satisfier for the inner lad," in the dining hall, he was accosted by a certain Bob with, "Babe, what do you want?" "Only a little milk."

One of our local elocutionists maintains that the general rules of elocution do not apply to very tall persons and he suggests the following for Knapke and Dahlinghouse:

"Rise as intended for general purposes. Gestures should extend to the right and left, and across at right angles. Not too elevated, since the welfare of the ceiling as well as of the piece must be taken into serious consideration. Right foot forward, as in position for drop kick. Chest well expanded, though not so much as to endanger equilibrium and fall over the foot-lights. Eyes, rolling, as expressing patriotism and a hungry desire to get finished. Voice, well moderated, not being elevated higher than six feet. At beginning and end of piece, make a bow that would do credit to a Musselman, and slowly recline on your chair."

Hurrah for the baseball teams! Yet they are still in embryo, but stanch loyalty and energy will bring them out. St. Joseph's should have a good team to represent her on the diamond this year. May our hopes be realized.

Wanted: A patent waste-basket remover to take charge of our superabundant locals.

THE SHACON-BAKESPEARE CONTROVERSY.

A SOLUTION.

Lovers of dramatic art will remember how the literary world was recently seismologyfied, by what seemed the slipping away of old Bakespeare's fame to another luminary who was familiarly called Shacon. We read the discussion with profound astonishment, not to say, with supreme disgust. To be truthful, we would have recalcitrated most vigorously, but it shocked our sensitive nerves into dormancy. We rise, however, from our hypnotic state into perpendicular indignation at this preposterous imposition upon the unusually gullible public. Men of science and other anthropophagenarians have earnestly disproportionated with us on the unhonorificibilitudinity and untenableness of such palatopharygeolaryngeals. (We had another modest word in mind, which would have expressed our idea more fully, but owing to the extreme circumscribed capacity of our typographics we are obstacled from giving the public this pleasure.) We are a little uncertain whether the velostican revolves around the gimtonical or whether it abdicates the slimfistery, but we deny most emphatically that either Shacon or Bakespeare was so unfortunate as to have scribbled so fortunately. We like to see the public deceived, but when that deception strikes at their literary vitals, we begin to acquire courage and lose appetite. Our researches have extended far into the night, and the midnight oil has not been consumed in vain. The following lines are a few of the many that reveal the identity of our author very plainly :

B ut that my nails can reach into thine eyes,
I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
L et her not hurt me, I was never curst.

—*Midsummer Night's Dream*,

Act iii, Sc. 2, Lines 298-301.

*N or how it may concern my modesty,
I n such presence here to plead my thoughts.*

—*Id.*, Act i, Sc. 1, 60-61.

What more conclusive proof? It may surprise, but it will convince. Who, when reading the Sonnets, has dreamed of their plain yet true identity? Just think of the "Will" sonnet. As a more conclusive proof we offer the thirty-third to thirty-fifth lines of Act ii, Sc. 7, of "As You Like It". We will be amply compensated if these brief notices will arouse interest in the reader, and bring him to a true recognition of the new author.

D. R. W., '09.

A CAT BIOGRAPHY.

Once there was pussy cat whose name was "Nigger."
His nose was very peaked and his face was very thin.
Pointed was his chin and his slats were caved in.
He was so stiff and crooked, he could hardly gigger;
He couldn't see nothing: he was as blind as a bat.
To have a little fun he had a little poodle,
All around it led him with a rope to his noodle;
He was far from being a beauty—anything but fat.
On his leg was a lump, on his back was a bump;
From a jar on a stump he got a wicked bump.
He sprained his ankle when taking a little jump.
Lonely on his bed he sighed when loudly he cried,
"In my life I never lied, and this's my only pride.
To give a mew he tried—then rolled over and died.

E. L.

How does the author of the above rank as a poet?

Honorary Mention.

The names of those students that have made 95-100 per cent in conduct and application during the last month appear in the first paragraph. The second paragraph contains the names of those that reached 90-95 per cent.

CONDUCT AND APPLICATION.

95-100 PER CENT.

A. Koenig, J. Steinbrunner, B. Quell, R. Halpin, M. Bodine, A. Schaefer, F. Wachendorfer, A. Scheidler, W. Scheidler, R. Schwietermann, L. Monahan, M. O'Connor, E. Pryor, M. Shea, B. Wellman, M. Ehleringer, V. Meagher, J. Becker, R. Rath, M. Helmig, O. Knapke, C. Frericks, N. Allgeier, J. Bryan, C. Fischer, F. Gribba, N. Keller, J. McCarthy, E. Vurpillat, I. Collins, O. Hentges, F. May, H. Grube, I. Weis, F. Kocks, J. Engesser, A. Linnemann, C. Kloeters, R. Beck, J. Costello, G. Meier, J. Seimetz, M. Schumacher, E. Olberding, A. Scherrieb, P. Wiese, B. Condon, J. Boland, H. Fuertges, J. Grimmer, E. Haab, E. Hasser, L. Hildebrand, L. Kaib, A. Michaely, E. Neumeier, N. Weinkauf, W. Coffeen, J. Bultinck, T. Coyne, U. Reitz, J. Ramp, B. Hoerstman, H. Dahlinghaus, W. Lieser, W. Meiering, F. Moorman, L. Huelsman, J. Lieser, B. Schmitz, J. Von-der-Haar, L. Bergman, H. Fries, P. Gase, J. Saccone, E. Carlos, M. Bryan, S. Ohleyer, J. F. Costello, I. Wagner, F. Didier, A. Teehan, E. Spornhauer.

90-95 PER CENT.

J. Sullivan, C. Boeke, D. Fitzgerald, E. Freiburger, M. Lang, J. Miller, L. Nageleisen, F. Rainey, P. Miller, E. Mauntel, D. Senefeld, L. Sulzer, P. Caesar, B. Gallagher, A. Saccone, R. Black.

CLASS WORK.

90-100 PER CENT.

I. Wagner, J. Steinbrunner, R. Halpin, M. Bodine, F. Wachendorfer, A. Scheidler, R. Schwietermann, L. Monahan, M. O'Connor, E. Pryor, B. Wellman, M. Ehleringer, R. Rath, O. Knapke, C. Frericks, F. Gribba, H. Grube, I. Weis, A. Linnemann, C. Kloeters, J. Engesser, R. Beck, P. Peiffer, J. Seimetz, E. Olberding, P. Wiese, B. Condon, J. Boland, E. Hasser, L. Kaib, L. Nageleisen, E. Neumeier, A. Teehan, T. Coyne, U. Reitz, B. Hoerstman, N. Lieser, W. Meiering, F. Moorman, L. Huelsman, J. Lieser, J. Von der Haar, J. F. Costello.

84-90 PER CENT.

A. Koenig, F. Didier, A. Schaefer, W. Scheidler, V. Meagher, C. Boeke, N. Allgeier, E. Freiburger, I. Collins, F. May, F. Kocks, E. Howe, M. Schumacher, A. Scherrieb, H. Fuertges, J. Grimmer, E. Haab, L. Hildebrand, A. Michaely, N. Weinkauf, W. Coffeen, J. Bultinck, E. Spornhauer, H. Dahlinghaus, L. Bergman, H. Fries, P. Gase, P. Miller, J. Laccone, M. Bryan, E. Mauntel, G. Ohleyer, L. Sulzer.



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